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THE TRAVELLER;

Or, a Prospect of Society.

AND

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WITH NOTES, PHILOLOGICAL AND EXPLANATORY

BY

J. W. HALES, M.A.

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GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lyes,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire:
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;

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That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negroe, panting at the line,

Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends:
'Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade,
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress by long controul,

Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet, still, even here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep;
Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due:
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons, cow'ring on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more culter'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,

Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current: paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise.
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow:
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,

I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear:
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy:
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire.
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore,
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays

Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure;
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheared the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their chearful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choaked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,

Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faultering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,

And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesman who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, sollicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise;
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize:
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the loveliest train,—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landschape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewel, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.

1. 1728—52 Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in Forney parish, co. Longford, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1728, the son of a clergyman, whose portrait, as given in that of Village Preacher drawn by his son, is well known to everybody. To his elder brother Henry he afterwards dedicated *The Traveller*. He was sent to some local school, and in time (in 1744) to Trinity College, Dublin, but he does not seem to have cut a very good figure as a pupil and scholar. After his leaving the University, his friends proposed various schemes for his future life, which were frustrated by his masterly thoughtlessness.

2. 1752—6. At last, in 1752, with the assistance of his friends he reached Edinburgh, to study medicine. Then he passed over to Leyden, to study anatomy and chemistry; but the gaming-table had more attractions for him. Then he travelled, a very vagrant, about Europe: through Flanders, France, Switzerland, Italy, dependent during at least part of his tour upon what he could earn with his flute or beg by the way. In 1756 he landed at Dover.

3. 1756—9. Arrived in London, matters went hard with him. He was usher in a school, assistant in a chemist's shop, medical practitioner, literary hack. In 1759 he won some distinction by his *Present State of Polite Literature in Europe*. Though his distresses were by no means over, nor indeed were ever to be, or could ever be, so incurable was his improvidence, with 1759 began better times; Goldsmith had found his work.

4. 1759—74. In 1760 his fame was extended by his *Citizen of the World;* in 1764 by *The Traveller*, 1766 by *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1770 by *The Deserted Village*, 1773 by *She Stoops to Conquer*. During these years he took his place as one of the literary leaders of his time. He became a conspicuous member of the Johnsonian circle. But his improvidence never failed to embarrass his circumstances. In the spring of 1774 his difficulties reached a crisis. Mental distress aggravated an attack of a disease to which his habits, at times severely sedentary, had rendered him liable; his illness was made worse by injudicious self-doctoring. In the height of his fame he died, March 25, 1774.

As a prose writer few English writers have been endowed with a happier gift of style than Goldsmith; and few writers illustrate better than he how great is the power of a happy style. Perfect ease is his characteristic. Not a trace of effort is ever perceptible. Indeed his danger is of an opposite sort; for traces of carelessness may be detected only too often. There is a world of difference between writing easily, and writing free-and-easily—a difference often forgotten by attempters of the easy style. Goldsmith never mistakes the one for the other; he never sinks into vulgarity. With all his charming familiarity he yet never takes liberties with his readers, or exposes himself to liberties from them. Other characteristics are lucidity, idiotism, aptness and felicity of language. Such were the attractions of his style that they served as a complete apology for very serious defects in many of his works. They served to make his *History of England*, his *History of Rome*, his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, popular for more than two generations, and still give a wonderful fascination to those so-called histories. "Nullum [scribendi genus] quod tetigit, non ornavit." It is difficult to conceive of any theme which his style could not have rendered palatable and sweet. He was a very literary Midas; he could transmute to gold whatever he touched.

Literature was his profession. He tried other means of livelihood in vain. He wrote much and variously, charming always. To us of to-day he is best known as a *Novelist* and a *Poet*.

As a novelist, to whom is he not known, and known with delight? The *Vicar of Wakefield* as a story abounds in improbabilities and incoherences; indeed as a story it is worth very little; neither as a picture of what it professes to paint, English domestic life, can it be pronounced of great value; but it has created at least one fellow-creature for us with a truthfulness, a humour, a pathos almost incomparable. The Vicar can never be forgotten. He is a permanent part of the population of the world. Neither can the unceasing kindness of nature, the true gentle sympathy with the joys and the sorrows of men, the love not blind but still considerate and pitying which inspire and animate that portrait, ever be forgotten. "It is not to be described," writes Göthe to Zelter in 1830, "the effect which Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education." Surely one may look leniently on Goldsmith's shortcomings as a constructive artist, as one may shrink from passing any bitter sentence upon the frailties of his life, when one is refreshed and purified by his high wisdom and never-failing charity. If without offence I may use the words, I would say that his sins which were many should be forgiven, for he "*loved much.*"

As a poet, grace marks Goldsmith rather than power—"sweetness" rather than "light." In accordance with the dubious theory of his age, he attempted what was called didactic poetry. Both *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* have a didactic purpose. So far as that purpose predominates, they fail as poems, if not also as philosophical treatises. But happily Goldsmith's practice was better than his theory. Moved by a true poetic instinct, he often forgets his text; he intermits his preaching or his argumentation; and turns his powers to properer uses. Goldsmith is certainly one of our most charming descriptive poets. One cannot readily mention any pieces of domestic scenery that deserve comparison with those he has given us. Crabbe essayed to follow in his train; but, great as are his merits, he can scarcely be equalled with his master. In his facts Goldsmith is well-nigh as faithful as Teniers; in sentiment and in spirit he excels him.

THE TRAVELLER, OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

This poem was begun during Goldsmith's wanderings abroad. The first sketch is said to have been sent from Switzerland to his brother Henry in Ireland. Perhaps what is called the first sketch was only the opening passage in which he talks of himself and home, and of his brother. Certainly there is something abrupt in the relation of that passage to the main part of the poem—in the transition from those personal thoughts to the thesis proposed to be treated of—from the home-sick wanderer to the abstracted philosopher. See ll. 31—62. Probably other parts were written during his subsequent travels. Johnson, to whom what was written was shown when Goldsmith and he became acquainted, recognized the merit of it and urged its completion. Johnson himself wrote l. 420, and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one. It was published towards the end of 1764.

In the title, for *prospect* we should rather say *view; Society* is employed in a much broader sense than is now the common use of the word. The nominal object of the poem is to show that, as far as happiness is concerned, one form of government is as good as another. This was a favourite paradox with Dr Johnson. Whether he or Goldsmith really believed it, may be reasonably doubted. Of course it is true that no political arrangements, however excellent, can secure for any individual citizen immunity from misery; it is true also that different political systems may suit different peoples, and further that every political system has its special dangers; and it is true, again, that what constitution may be adapted for what people is

often a question of the profoundest difficulty; it is true, lastly, that no civil constitution relieves anyone enjoying the benefit of it from his own proper duties and responsibilities: but it is assuredly not true that there is no relation whatever between the government of a country and the happiness of its inhabitants. A government can, as it pleases, or according to its enlightenment, make circumstances favourable or unfavourable to individual development and happiness. So *a priori* one would suppose; so *a posteriori* one sees that it is. The political indifferentism set forth in *The Traveller* is in fact merely paradoxical. Fortunately one's enjoyment of the poem does not depend upon the accuracy of the creed it professes.

91. 1. [Describe the course of the *Scheld*. Why is it called *lazy*?]

Slow. See Boswell's *Johnson*, chap. lxiii.

2. *Wandering Po.* = the ancient Lat. *Padus*, Ligurian *Bodencus*, Greek *Eridanus*. Virgil refers to its terrible floods; See *Georg*. i. 481, iv. 372.

3. [Where is Carinthia?]

6. [Explain *expanding to the skies*.]

11. [What part of the verb is *crown*?]

13. Comp. *Des. Vill.* 149—162.

17. *crown'd*. Comp. *Psalm* xlv. 11.

19. *pranks* = Welsh *pranc*, a frolic.

21. There are many negligences of style in this poem, as always in Goldsmith's writings. The echo of the word *stranger* in l. 16 has scarcely died out of the reader's ear before here it occurs again. So *bending* and *bend* in ll. 48 and 52. Comp. the double recurrence of the word *ill* in *Des. Vill.* l. 51:

"*Ill* fares the land, to hastening *ills* a prey;"

where the fact that in the former case it is an advb., in the latter a subst., rather makes matters worse.

23. Cowper must have had this passage, consciously or unconsciously, in his ear when he wrote l. 100 *et seq.* in his lines *On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk*.

92. 27. [Explain *the circle bounding earth and skies*.]

32. *me*. See note to *L'Allegro*. 25.

33. [Why is the *d* in *plac'd* pronounced as *t*?]

34. *an hundred*. See note on *Des. Vill.* 93.

35. [What part of the sentence is *cities*?]

41. [Explain *dissemble*.]

[How would you analyze *all it can*?]

42. *these little things*. See l. 40.

45—49. See ll. 34—36.

48. [Explain *bending*.]

swains. *Swain* was the poet's word for *peasant* in the last century. It is of Teutonic origin, and means properly a young man, then a servant; cf. παῖς, *garçon*, *knave*, &c.

[What does he mean by *dress* here?]

50. [What part of the sentence is *creation's heir*?]

52. As if the reckoning of his treasure was his work.

53. [What is meant by *fill* here?]

55. [How would you explain *to* here?]

57. *sorrows fall*. *sorrows* = signs of sorrow, *i. e.* tears.

64. [What is the government of *to find* here?]

93. 72. See *Alex. Feast*, 88.

74. [What is meant by *his* here?]

77. [What difference in the meaning would *will*, instead of *shall*, make?]

84. *Idra* = Idria in Carniola, a town amidst mountains on the river Idria. Near it are the famous quicksilver mines.

84. *Shelvey* = gently sloping. . See *Merry W. of W.* III. v. 15.

85. *rocky crested* is really one word.

87. With the use of the word *Art* here comp. Johnson's first definition: "The power of doing something not taught by nature or instinct." In ll. 146 and 304 *arts* = the Fine Arts.

90. *either* is not very accurately used here; the *ther* is properly dual. It is as if *uterque* should be used for quisque, ἑκάτερος for ἕκαστος. But this careless use of *either* is not so unfrequent: thus Bacon *apud* Johnson: "Henry VIII, Francis I. and Charles V. were so provident as scarce a palm of ground could be gotten by *either* of the three but that the other two would set the balance of Europe upright again," &c. So Wither, &c. So *neither* in the Auth. V. of *Rom.* viii. 38, &c. But perhaps *either* may be justified here by supposing the "blessings" just enumerated, to be considered as divided in a two-fold manner: (i.) the one prevailing, (li.) the others, which are cast into the shade by that prevailing one.

95. *the favourite happiness.* Comp. Pope on the Ruling Passion, *Moral Essays*, I.

98. *peculiar pain* = its proper pain, the pain that especially results from that "fav'rite good."

108. *in gay theatric pride.* The stage often borrows similes and metaphors from nature; here nature is made indebted to the stage!

109. [What "part of *speech*," and what part of the sentence is *between* here?]

111. See Virgil's splendid panegyric on his Italy in the second *Georgic*, 136—176.

94. 113. Thus cherries (*Pruni Cerasi*) were imported by Lucullus, &c. &c.

114. Comp. *Tusc. Disp.* V. xiii. 37: "arbores et vites et ea quæ sunt humiliora neque se tollere a terra altius possunt."

115. [*blooms.* Explain this word here.]

119. *the kindred sail.* Obs. the proleptic use of the adj. So often in Greek and Latin; as Soph. *Antig.* 881, ed. Dindorf:

"τὸν δ' ἐμὸν πότμον ἀδάκρυτον οὐδεὶς φίλων στενάζει.

120. [Explain this line. Which is the emphatic word?]

122. *winnow* here = waft, blow, with no notion of separating and sifting as commonly. Of course the word is directly connected with *wind.* Obs. the use of this verb in *Par. Lost*, v. 269:

"then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air;"

i. e. strikes the air as if winnowing, in a winnowing or fanning manner. Ultimately, *fan* and *winnow* are connected.

127. *manners* in the sense of the Lat. *mores.*

132. Genoa and Venice and Florence reached their commercial prime about the close of the Middle Ages.

135—138. [Of what architects, painters, sculptors, is he thinking?]

139. Two of the main causes, certainly, of the decay of Italian commerce were the discovery of America, and that of the sea-route to India.

143. [What is meant by *skill* here?]

144. [What is meant by *plethoric ill?*]

95. 167. *bleak* and *black* are primitively identical words. The radical notion is *pale. Bleach* = to make *bleak.* Here *bleak* has its secondary meaning of *chill, cheerless.*

170. From the 15th century downwards the Swiss were the chief mercenary soldiers of Europe. See *Hamlet*, IV. v. 97.

178. [What part of the sentence is *the lot of all?*]

181. [Explain *deal* here.]

182. *loath.* See note to *London*, 40.

187. *trolls.* One of Johnson's definitions of *troll* is: "to fish for a pike with a rod which has a pulley towards the bottom, which I suppose gives occasion to the term." He quotes from Gray:

" Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take.
Nor *trowle* for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake."

The word is akin to *thrill, drill,* Germ. *trollen,* Fr. *trôler,* &c.

187. *finny.* See *Rape of the Lock,* 174. This application of the word to the sea itself is bold, and perhaps unique; as if *squamigerum* or *squamosum* should be applied to the sea!

190. *savage.* We now confine this word as a substantive to members of the human species.

191. [What part of the sentence is *every labour sped?* Parse *sped.* What does the word mean?]

193. *him.* See *me,* l. 32.

Comp. Burns' *Cotter's Sat. Night.*

196. *platter* is of course derived from *plate.*

198. *nightly.* See note on *Hymn Nat.* 179.

96. 202. *enhance.* Lit. forward, put forward. The stem is the Lat. *ante.*

206. *close and closer.* Perhaps = closer and closer; but the former comparative inflection is omitted for euphony's, or for the metre's sake, just as one adverbial inflection is omitted in "safe and nicely," *King Lear,* V. iii., "fair and softly," *John Gilpin,* &c.

216. *supplies* = satisfies.

221. [What is the force of *level* here?]

224. The *of* serves to make *once a year* adjectival to festival. It has the force of *ly* in *yearly. Once* is treated as a subst. = one occurrence.

232. [Can *fall* be justified here? What led him to write so?]

235. Such "morals" as "play" in the *Tatler* and *Spectator.*

97. 243. Compare *Tristram Shandy,* end of Book 7.

244. *tuneless.* See below, ll. 247, 248.

253. *Gestic* is cognate with *gesture, gesticulate, jest* (originally *gest*), *gest* in Spenser's *F. Q.* Scott speaks of the "gestic art" in *Peveril of the Peak,* chap. xxx.

256. [Explain *their world.*]

259. Obs. this definition of what is here called *honour.*

262. *traffic,* derived ultimately from Lat. *trans,* and *facio,* is said to mean originally "something done beyond," *i. e.* beyond the seas. With the use here comp. "*commercing* with the skies," *Il Pens.* 39, where see note.

264. Comp. Horace of the Greeks, (*Ep. ad Pis.* 324):

" Præter laudem nullius avaris."

273. *tawdry.* This word is said to be derived from *Saint Audrey* (= Saint Ethelreda), at the fairs held on whose days gay finery, especially laces, was sold. In Spenser's *Shepheards Calendar, April,* it has scarcely acquired its depreciatory sense:

Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie* lace."

277. [What is the meaning of *cheer* here? What other meanings has the word?]

98. 285. See Andrew Marvell's bitter satirical description of Holland in his *Character of Holland.* He most unjustly taunts the Dutch with what they might and may well be proud of—the vigour and industry which rescued and protected their country from the sea.

286. *rampire* = the old French form *rampar.* This form occurs often, if not generally, in the Elizabethan writers. So in *Tim. of Ath.* V. iv. 47. "Our *rampired* gates." So Chapman, &c. Holland, in his translation of Pliny, writes *rampiar.* Milton uses the form *rampart* (*Par. Lost,* i. 678).

288. *bulwark* = etymologically, bole-work, that a rampart made of tree-trunks. *Boulevard* is but a corrupted form of *bulwark.* "Les boulevards de Paris n'étaient sous Louis XIV. que l'enceinte même [= le terre-plein des ramparts] de Paris" (Brachet's *Dict. Etym.*).

291. "A stranger can have a full impression of this [the critical condition of certain parts of the provinces] only when he walks at the foot of one of those vast dykes, and hears the roar of the waves on the outside, 16 or 20 feet higher than his head." (Murray's *Handbook to North Germany, Holland*, &c.)

302. [Is *are* defensible here?]

304. [What is meant here by *convenience*?]

305. See what the Vicar says on the dangers of a commercial community, in *V. of Wakefield*, Chap. xix.

312. [What *lakes* are there in Holland?]

313. The Roman *Belgica* included a vast number of various tribes, lying between the Sequana (Seine) and Matrona (Marne) in the West and the Rhine in the East. That tribe, which was settled nearest the Holland of Goldsmith's and our day, was the Batavi, a branch of the Chatti. It was settled between the two great branches of the Rhine. Lucan speaks of its furious warlike ardour (i. 431):

"Batavique truces quos ære recurvo
Stridentes acuere tubæ."

It was a Teutonic race, as were other tribes comprised in Belgica. According to Tacitus' account, North-western Germania was occupied by the Ingævones. The "Belgic sires" of the text is therefore a somewhat loose phrase.

316. *now*. In the 16th century they had fought stoutly against the same domineering enemy as England had withstood; in the 17th they had contested with England the queenship of the seas. But perhaps Goldsmith here refers to the fact that the Dutch are our nearest kinsmen. They belong to the same Low German race as ourselves. Their language and our own resemble each other very closely. They are our brothers; the Germans and the Danes are but cousins.

318. [What does he mean by *courts the western spring*?]

319. *Arcadian pride*. Arcadia, perhaps most noted in the Greek and Latin writers for the stupidity of its inhabitants (see *Juv.* vii. 160, and Mayor's note), was about the time of the revival of learning adopted as the ideal of rural beauty. It became the favourite "scene" with pastoral poets and romancists, as with Sanazzaro, Sidney, &c.

320. *Hydaspes*. The name is a corruption of the Sanscrit Vitastâ, "which is probably preserved in that of one of its modern titles, Behat. Its present most usual name is Jelum." (Smith's *Dict. G. & R. Geog.*). This river was reached by Alexander. It was the subject of many wild tales; hence Horace's "fabulosus" (*Od.* I. xxii. 8). One was that it ran gold and gems.

320. *brighter streams*, &c. In Goldsmith's time there was still a touch of silver in the Thames at London, as it may now be hoped there may be yet again.

324. That is, the extremes of climate cannot be palpably realized there by the happy proprietor; they can only be imagined.

325. [What "part of speech" is *stern* here?]

327. *port*. So "lion-port" in Gray's *Bard*, 117.

99. 333. *boasts these rights to scan* = boasts that he scans these rights, that he takes his part in the discussion of public questions.

345. It was just at the time of the publication of *The Traveller* that Wilkes was issuing the *North Briton*.

346. [What is meant here by *round her shore*?]

348. [Parse *fire* here.]

351. *fictitious*. We should rather use *factitious* in this sense.
[What is the sense?]

358. *wrote*. It may often seem as if the pret. of strong verbs was used as the past part.; but in fact the pret. seemingly so used is the past part. with its proper ending cut off. Thus the part. *found, bound, drunk*, &c., identical in form with the pret. of the verbs to

which they belong, are in reality curtailed forms of *founden*, *bounden*, *drunken*, &c. *Broke*, *spoke*, &c., as past part., are defensible; being merely shortened from *broken*, *spoken*, &c. Of *write* the more common form of the part. was *writen*, as in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, 12052:

"Sche never cessed, as I *writen* fynde,
Of hire prayer."

Writ would be correct enough. See Shakspere *passim* (with whom *writ* is the favourite form of the pret. also). So *wrete* in *Rom. of Partenay*, ed. Skeat, 6401. So *ywrite*. For the form *wrote*, and similar forms, they are probably the result of a false analogy. As *find* makes pret. *found*, part. *found*, *write*, &c., has been conjugated similarly. Shakspere uses *wrote* in *Ant. and Cleop.* III. v. 11, and *Cymb.* III, v. 2; and also "thou hast fell" (*King Lear*, IV. vi. 54); "has took" (*Pericles* I. iii. 35). Sterne has "had rose"; see the Death of Le Fevre in *Tristram Shandy*.

362. *the great.* This was a very favourite phrase about Goldsmith's time. See for instance Hume's essay on *The Middle Station of Life*, Johnson's *Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield*, &c. The Greeks and Romans used to speak of the good, the best, in the same sense.

365. The literature of the last century abounds with apostrophes to Liberty. That theme was the great common-place of the time. Goldsmith has his laugh at it in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xix. See Cowper's *Task*, v.

100. 375. Hear the Vicar on Monarchy, *V. of W.*, chap. xix.

380. [Read carefully the history of England about the time of the accession of George III., and illustrate this paragraph.]

386. See *V. of W.*, chap. xix.: "What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law."

391. These are precisely the views enunciated by the Vicar; see the above-cited chapter.

patriot. See note on *London*, 53.

394. Perhaps he is thinking of Oliver Cromwell; see note on Gray's *Elegy*.

401. See the *Deserted Village*, *passim*.

411. *Oswego.* This river runs between Lakes Oneida and Ontario, as Niagara between Ontario and Erie.

412. It is said that the thunder of Niagara may be heard for 20 miles.

416. [What is meant by *Indian* here? Explain how the word comes to have that meaning.]

431. Comp. *Par. Lost*, i. 254—7.

436. *Luke's iron crown.* Goldsmith "dormitates" here. Of two brothers, Luke and George Dosa, who were engaged together in a desperate peasant war in Hungary in 1514, it was George, not Luke, who suffered the torture of the iron crown. See Nares' *Glossary*; and Boswell's *Johnson*, chap. xix.

iron crown. "The putting on a crown of iron, heated red hot, was occasionally the punishment of regicides and rebels." See *Rich. III.* IV. i. 59. See Nares; and Boswell's *Johnson*, chap. xix.

Damiens was executed with frightful tortures for his attempt on the life of Louis XV., 1757. His limbs were torn with red-hot pincers, &c. See *Hist. France.*

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The Deserted Village was published in May, 1770, six years after *The Traveller*, four after *The Vicar of Wakefield.* It ran through six editions before the year closed. In any period of English Literature such a poem would have won, and have deserved, notice; in the period of its appearance it stood almost alone. Goldsmith's was the one poetical voice of that

time. No other poems besides his, published between Gray's *Odes* and Cowper's *Table Talk*, can be said to have lived. It is no wonder the *Deserted Village* was so widely popular. The heart of the people was not dead, though something chill and cold. It warmed towards a presence so genial, so graceful, so tender.

Here, as in his other poem, Goldsmith entertained not only an artistic but also a didactic purpose. He wished to set forth the evils of the Luxury that was prevailing more and more widely in his day. This is a thrice old theme; but indeed what theme is not so? No doubt the vast growth of our commerce and increase of wealth in the middle and latter part of the last century especially suggested it in Goldsmith's time. Possibly enough in handling it Goldsmith made some blunders; the work could scarcely be his, if it were free from blunders. He has often been taunted by later critics with his false political economy; and it has been pointed out how he was propagating his errors at the very time when Adam Smith was first preaching the truths of that great science. Errors he undoubtedly commits—errors of fact and errors of interpretation. He was wrong in his belief that England was at the time of his writing rapidly depopulating. In the dedication of his poem to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he admits that the objection will be made by him and "several of our best and wisest friends" "that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this," he says, "I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display." But it certainly was not the case. He was obviously wrong in ascribing this supposed depopulation to the great commercial prosperity of the time. Whatever sentimental, whatever real objections may be urged against Trade, it cannot be denied that it multiplies and widens fields of labour, and so creates populations. Large towns with their myriad inhabitants are the offspring of commerce. Goldsmith and his age disbelieved in large towns; they thought such unions of men mere conspiracies of vice; they held, to invert the text, that wheresoever the eagles were gathered together, there the carcase would be. And large towns do include great and wide miseries; but to say that they are signs of present depopulation is to contradict their very definition. Goldsmith's fallacy lies in identifying Trade and Luxury; see the poem *passim*. Observe the mere phrase "Trade's unfeeling train." Again, the picture drawn of the emigrants in their new land is certainly much exaggerated. Such experience as befalls the hero of *Martin Chuzzlewit* is very much what Goldsmith conceives to await all emigrants. He sees the tears and the agonies of the leave-taking; and surely no one can make light of these sorrows; but he sees nothing of the hope and confidence that lie beneath such distresses, however severe and temporarily overwhelming. He forgets that even those earliest and saddest of emigrants, though "some natural tears they shed, yet wiped them soon." He knows not, or he ignores, the happier side of the exile's prospects. He cannot fancy his hearth blazing as brightly on the other shore of the Atlantic as in the old country, or picture any "smiling village" there with gay swains and coy-glancing maidens. He imagines only swamps and jungles, and whirlwinds and sunstrokes, and wild beasts and worse wild men, and shrieks and despair. See ll. 341—358, and *Traveller*, 405—422.

But he is not always in the wrong. His attacks on Luxury, when he really means Luxury and not something else in some way associated with that cardinal pest, are well-deserved and often vigorously made. And when he deplores the accumulation of land under one ownership —how "one only master grasps the whole domain"—and how consequently the old race of small proprietors is exterminated—how "a bold peasantry, their country's pride" is perishing, he certainly cannot be laughed down as a maintainer of mere idle grievances. One may agree with him in his view in this matter, or one may disagree; but it cannot be denied that here he has a right to his view—that this is a question open to serious doubt and difficulty. I suppose there are few persons who will not allow there is something to regret in the almost total disappearance of the class of small freeholders, however much that something may seem to be com-

pensated for by what has come in their place. The present experience of Belgium, of Switzerland, of certain parts of Germany, certainly says much in their favour. (See Mill's *Polit. Econ.* Book II. Chaps. vii. and viii.) As the question is generally discussed by Political Economists, it lies between small farms and large farms—between *la petite culture*, and *la grande culture;* most English writers, with one most distinguished exception, till lately at least, declaring for the latter. As it presented itself to Goldsmith, it lay between small farms and large parks—between a system of small ground-plots assiduously cultivated, and wide estates reserved for seclusion and pleasure. He saw, or thought he saw, tracts of land reclaimed not from wildness but from cultivation, that they might form sometimes an artificial wilderness, always some idle and unproductive enclosure. "Half a tillage," as it seemed, "stinted the smiling plain;" and in his eyes there was no smile possible for the plain like that of the waving corn, which is, as it were, the gold-haired child of it. Then, like the gentle recluse Gray, and like the bright day-labourer Burns, he felt much sympathy with the merriments and sadnesses and interests of the common country-folk. Their life was precious to him; and he could not bear to think that the area of it was being narrowed, that for them no more the blazing hearth should burn where it had been wont, not because they were dead, but because they were ejected wanderers.

It is from this sincere sympathy, apart from all theories and theorizings, that the force and beauty of this poem spring. When Goldsmith thinks of the decay or destruction of those scenes he prized so highly, a genuine sorrow penetrates him, and he gives it tongue as in this poem; he becomes the loving elegist of the old yeomanry. It may or it may not have been well, that that order should have passed away; but its passing must be wept for. Often it may be well for our friends to leave us; but certainly we sigh sadly when they go. But Goldsmith was assured it was not well that that old order should be uprooted; therefore his grief is aggravated; and with his tears there are mixed shame and indignation.

101. 1. *Auburn.* There is a village of this name, sometimes spelt Albourne, in Wiltshire (some 8 miles N.E. of Marlborough), which some Gazetteers identify with the scene of this poem, quite fancifully.

2. *swain.* A favourite word in the Poetic Diction of the last century.

4. *parting.* See the *Elegy*, 1.

9. [Explain this use of *on.*]

102. 12. [What is here meant by *decent?*]

13. See *Cotter's Sat. Night*, 81.

16. *remitting.* In the same absolute way ἀνίημι is used by Attic writers and by Herodotus; *e. g.* Soph. *Philoct.* 764:

"ἕως ἀνῇ
τὸ πῆμα τοῦτο τῆς νόσου τὸ νῦν πάρον."

[What is the force of *lent* here?]

17. *train.* A most frequent word in Goldsmith's Poems.

18. [Explain *led up.*]

19. *circled.* Comp. *went round* in l. 22. So *circle* and *circulate* of the wine-cup.

21. *gambol* is connected with Fr. *jamb*, Ital. *gamba*, Low Lat. *gamba*. *Gammon* is a congener. For the form, it is perhaps due to the Fr. *gambiller*, to kick about.

25. [What is meant by *simply* here? What is the common meaning now?]

27. *smutted.* See note on *motley.*

29. *sidelong.* Sidney uses "sideward" (*Arcad.* iii.). Holinshed has the form *sidelingwise.* Probably the *long* is a corruption of the adverbial termination *ling*, which yet survives in *groveling* and *darkling.* So *flatlong*, *headlong*, *endlong*. Comp. *noseling.* In oldest English the term occurs in the forms *linga* or *lunga;* thus *bæclinga* = backwards, *handlunga* = hand to hand. In Lowland Scotch the form is *lins*, as in *hafflins* (*Cotter's Sat. Night*, 62),

aiblins (*Twa Dogs*, 147), *darklins*, *backlins*, &c. See a paper by Dr Morris in *Philol. Soc. Transactions* for 1862—3.

34. *were.* Comp. the famous FUIMUS *Troes*, FUIT *Ilium* (*Æn.* ii. 318).

35. *the lawn.* See Gray's *Elegy*, 100.

40. *stints thy smiling plain* = deprives thy plain of the beauty and luxuriance which once characterized it. A various form of *stint* is *stunt*.

42. Obs. the alliteration here.

43. *glades.* *Glade*, ultimately connected with *glitter*, denotes a break or open space in a wood, where the light shines.

44. *hollow sounding.* Goldsmith does not hyphen or link together the parts of his compounds; see below, 360; *Traveller*, 85.

bittern. See *Isaiah* xiv. 23, xxxiv. 11.

45. *lapwing.* *Lap* = *flap*.

51. *fares the land.* So below, 295.

52. [What does he mean by *men decay*? That they decay *morally*, or *numerically*? See the following lines.]

53. See *Cotter's Sat. Night*, 165:

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings."

Comp. *For a' that and a' that*:

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that."

103. 55. See *Introduction*.

57. Perhaps it was most nearly so in the 15th and 16th centuries.

58. *rood* is but another form of *rod*, which to begin with denoted the pole used in land-measuring. So *perch* is properly a measuring pole (of less length than the *rod*). In ecclesiastical language Rood = the Cross. (So there is no idea of any transversity in the Greek σταυρός.) Hence *Holyrood*, *rood*-loft, by the holy *rood* (*Rich. III.* III. ii.), *Roodee* (at Chester), &c.

60. [Why *her*?]

66. *unwieldy*.. Spenser uses *weeldlesse* in *F. Q.* IV. iii. *Wieldly*, obsolete now, occurs in Chaucer's *Troil. and Cress.*

74. *manners* = Lat. *mores*. See *Trav.* 230.

76. *forlorn.* See note in *Hymn Nat.* 196. *lorn* is connected with *lose*. Comp. *rear* and *raise*, *chair* and *chaise*, &c.

84. [What part of the sentence is *my latest hours to crown*?]

92. [What part of the sentence is *I felt*?]

93. *an hare.* Our present rule that *a* rather than *an* is to be used before a word beginning with a consonant or a sounded *h* is of comparatively modern date. In Oldest English (what is commonly called A.S.) the shortened form does not occur. In Medieval writers *æn* is the more common form: thus in the *Ormulum* we find *an man*, in Mandeville's *Travels*, *an hors*, &c. (Stratmann); but *a* also is found. The distinction between the numeral and the article was only then completely forming. In Chaucer's writings it seems fairly formed; he has *oo*, *oon*, *on* for the former; *a* and *an*, as now, for the latter. Before *h* he commonly prefers the form *an*, as *an hare* (*C. T.* 686), *an holy man* (Ib. 5637), *an housbond* (Ib. 5736) &c. This was perhaps due to French influence. In the Authorized Version of the Bible we have *an house* (1 *Kings* ii. 24, and often elsewhere), *an husband* (*Num.* xxx. 6, &c.), but also *a husband* elsewhere, *an hundred* again and again, *an host*, *Psalm* xxvii. 3, *an hair*, *an habitation*, *an hand*, *an hymn*, &c., &c., but *a horse*. It must be remembered that the language of the A. V. is older than the time of James I.; it belongs rather to the age of Henry VIII., in some points perhaps to a still older age, as the Wickcliffite translation had much influence on all succeeding versions. Shakspere's usage is pretty much that which is

now followed; as "a hauke, a horse, or a husband." *Much A. about N.* III., Fol. of 1623,—"a hare," 1 *Hen. IV.* I. iii. But with regard to many words custom fluctuated. In the case of the word *hare* perhaps euphony would seem to favour the fuller form of the article.

95. [What part of the sentence is *my long vexations past?* Translate the phrase into Latin, and Greek.]

104. 100. [What does *age* mean here?]

hounds and horns. Titus Andr. II. iii. 27.

105. *surly* is probably cognate with *sour.*

106. *spurn* is connected with *spur*, which means radically a foot-mark. In the primitive sense of to push away with the foot, *spurn* is common in Shakspere, as *K. John*, II. i. 24, &c.

107. *latter end.* A common Bible phrase, *e.g.* Prov. xix. 20.

109. Comp. *Vanity of H. W.* 293.

115. *careless* = Lat. *securus*, and old Eng. *secure.* See *Van. of H. W.* 355.

118. [What part of the sentence is *to meet their young?*]

121. *bayed.* Bay is from the old French *abayer* = aboyer, "de *ad. baubari.* De là le subst. *abois*, proprement extrémité où est réduit le cerf, le Sanglier, sur les fins, lorsque les chiens l'entourent en aboyant" (Burguy).

122. *the vacant mind.* So Shaksp.

"The wretched slave
Who with a body fill'd and *vacant mind*
Gets him to rest," &c.

Comp. Lat. *vacuus.*

[Give other instances of this use of *spoke.*]

124. *pause*, is used technically of "a stop or intermission in music" (Johnson). It is often employed in our older writers in this sense of the nightingale's singing.

126. *fluctuate in the gale.* Comp. the common use of *float*, which is *ultimately* connected with *fluctuate*, *flow*, &c.

128. *bloomy* is used also by Milton and Dryden.

130. *plashy* = puddle-like. Comp. the Dutch *plas*, and our *splash.*

132. [In what other senses is *mantling* used?]

135. [What part of the sentence is *she* here?]

137. *Copse* = coppice = old Fr. copeiz, which is derived from *couper*, which is derived from the Lat. *colaphus* a fist-blow, (Brachet).

[*The garden.* Why *the?*]

139. [What is meant by the *place disclose?*] Comp. Wordsworth's *To a Highland Girl at Inversnaid:* "These trees—a veil just half withdrawn."

140. *mansion* = the Lowland Scotch *manse;* but last century poets use it in a general sense. *Mansio* was properly the house of the lord of the manor.

105. 141. See the *Traveller*, 10—22. Comp. Chaucer's *Prologue*, 479—530.—Crabbe sketches the opposite sort of parson in his *Village*, Book I:

"And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year?
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock," &c.

142. Forty pounds seems to have commonly been a curate's income about the middle of the last century. Churchill, when a curate at Rainham, "prayed and starved on forty pounds a year," to use his own words.

[Explain *passing* here.]

143. See *Heb.* xii. 1.

Remote from towns, &c. See *London*, 6, &c.

144. *place, not* village or place of abode, but = post, position. The word was especially used of political appointments; comp. *place-man, place-seeker*, &c.

146. Like the famous Vicar of Bray.

[Explain *to* here?]

148. [What part of the sentence is this line?]

*155. *The broken soldier.* Comp. "fracti bello," Æn. ii. 13, "infractos adverso Marte," Æn. xii. 1; see also Hor. *Sat.* I. i. 5.—Campbell's *Soldier's Dream*:

"And fain was their *war-broken* soldier to stay."

bade. Bidden and *Bid* (as *Merch. of V.* II. v. 11) are the common, and the correct forms. See note on the *Traveller*, 358.

156. *talked the night away.* Comp. the exquisite phrase in Callimachus' Epigram (in the Greek usage of the word) on hearing of the death of his friend Heracleitus:

ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφότερον
ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν.

157. [What is the force of *done* here?]

159. [What is meant by *glow* here?]

162. [What is the precise meaning of *charity* here?]

171. *parting.* See Gray's *Elegy*, 89.

172. *dismayed* = strictly, deprived of might, un-strengthened.

174. *fled the struggling soul.* See *V. of H. W.* 149.

181. [What part of the sentence is *the service past*?]

106. 189. [Explain *cliff* here?]

198. *truant* is said to be of Keltic origin. In Breton there is *truant* "gueux, vagabond" (Burguy). In Kymric *tru*, miserable. Hence Medieval Latin formed *trutannus*. The old meaning was simply a vagabond. Then it came to mean wandering away from the place where one ought to be, the place of one's duty, which is commonly its sense in Shakspere. In *Merry W. of W.* V. i., it occurs in the special sense in which it is now generally used: "Since I plucked geese, *played truant*, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately." (Comp. *miche*r, 1 *Hen. IV.* II. iv.) In mod. Fr. *truand* = vagrant.

201—4. These two couplets furnished Webster with mottoes, and something more, for his two excellent pictures.

205. *aught* = simply, a-whit; as awhile = a-while, another = an-other, &c.

207. *The Village all*, &c. So Ovid uses *vicinia* for *vicini: Fast.* ii. 655:

"conveniunt celebrantque dapes vicinia supplex."

Comp. *Twa dogs*, 125:

"When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation."

208. *cypher* and *zero* are probably various corruptions of one and the same word. See Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop.*

209. *tides* = here times, seasons; as in *King John*, III. i. 85:

"Among the high *tides* in the Calendar," &c.

"*Christ-tide*, I pray you," says Ananias in the *Alchemist*, when Face talks of Christmas. We still speak of *Whitsuntide;* and have a proverb that "time and *tide* wait for no man," when perhaps *tide* has the secondary meaning of opportunity. *Tide* is cognate with Germ. *Zeit.* What is now the common meaning of the word—a meaning derived from the primitive sense—would scarcely be pertinent here.

[What is meant by *terms* here?]

210. *gauge* = measure the capacities of vessels. *Gauger* has acquired the special meaning of one who so measures vessels containing excisable liquors.

221. *nut-brown draughts.* As if we should say "pale draughts" for "draughts of pale ale."

226. Etymologically *parlour* belongs to the same group with *parliament*, *parlance*, *parley*, and *parole*. The common stem is the Low Lat. *parabolare.—Parlour* originally denoted the speaking-room of a monastery, that is, the room where conversation was allowed, called also *locutorium*. The word seems now to be beginning to fall out of use, superseded by *dining-room* and *breakfast-room*.

[What is meant by *the parlour splendours*, &c. ?]

Of this department of village life Goldsmith could write from abundant experience. See the account of his early days given by Irving and by Forster. He had certainly often made one in such a company as he depicts at the *Three Pigeons* in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

107. 229. [What is the sense of *debt* here?]

232. *the twelve good rules.* See Crabbe's *Parish Register*, Part i. of the pictures possessed by "the industrious swain:"

> "There is King Charles and all his golden rules
> Who proved Misfortune's was the best of schools."

These rules were: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no companions. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers. Jonson wrote rules for the Devil Tavern (close by Temple Bar on the river side).

the royal game at goose = perhaps, the game of the Fox and the Geese, but why called *royal*?

235. *chimney* here = fire-place. See note to *L'Alleg.* 111.

239. [What part of the sentence is *obscure*?]

241. Comp. Horace's "addit cornua pauperis" of the wine-jar (*Od.* III. xxi. 18). See *Tam o' Shanter*, 57.

243. *The farmer's news.* The farmer's necessary visits to the neighbouring market town would naturally make him the newsman.

The barber's tale. The endless garrulity of barbers who, at least in the country, practised as surgeons also, is a perpetual matter of joke or disgust with the novelists of George II.'s time. So too in the *Arabian Nights*, &c.

244. *woodman.* Now = a tree-feller, once = sportsman, hunter; as in *Merry W. of W.*, V. v.: "Am I a *woodman*, ha? speak I like Herne the hunter?" So *Meas. for Meas.* IV. iii. 170, *Cymb.* III. vi. 28., *Comus*, &c.

the woodman's ballad = some praise of the greenwood, or perhaps some tale of Robin Hood, the hero of foresters. Perhaps it was not till after the middle of the last century that *Ballad* acquired what is now its general meaning, viz. a narrative piece. Johnson in his *Dict.* gives no special sense. Formerly it denoted a song of any kind, as in *As you like it*, II. vii. 148:

> "And then the lover
> Sighing like furnace, with a woeful *ballad*
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Older writers call *Solomon's Song* the *Ballet of Ballettes*. Chaucer speaks of the birds singing *ballads and layes* (*Dreame*).

246. *lean to hear.* Comp. Wordsworth's exquisite lines of a far other listening:

> "And she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round," &c.

248. [Explain *the mantling bliss.*]

250. Comp. Jonson's "O leave a kiss but in the cup," &c. It was also a Greek custom; see Bekker's *Charicles*, Sc. ii.

254. *gloss* is probably from the same root as *glass*. This *gloss* is quite distinct from the *gloss* which means an explanatory note.

258. Comp. *Par. Lost*, V. 899, *Hamlet*, I. v. 77.

266. See *Introduction*.

268. *an happy land*. See note to "an hare," above, l. 93.

269. [Explain *freighted*.]

108. 276. [What part of the sentence is *pour*?]

277. Comp. Hor. *Od.* II. xv.

280. Comp. l. 40.

281. But "sports" are not always "solitary" in the Squire's park! See the Introduction to *The Princess*, &c. &c.

283. He seems to mean that the country does not keep back the amount of its own products that is needed for its own consumption, but exports and barters away what is necessary it should retain for what is altogether superfluous.

284. *for*, i. e to be exchanged for.

285. [Explain *all* here.]

286. [What is the force of *the fall*, as compared with *its fall*?]

288. [What is meant by *secure to please*?]

295. [What does he mean by *bless* here?]

296. [What part of the sentence is this line?]

298. *vistas* = orig., views, prospects, sights, from the Lat. *video*.

305. The enclosure of Commons, a measure by no means always dictated by mere greed, but sometimes in the highest degree prudential and considerate, has always been an extreme popular grievance. See Latimer's *Last Sermon preached before King Edward VI.*, *Ballads on the Condition of Eng. in Hen. VIII. reign*, &c., Part I. ed. Furnivall, p. 54, &c., &c. Some 1600 or 1700 Inclosure Acts are said to have been passed before the beginning of the present century. Goldsmith ignores the fact that "half a tillage stinted the plains," where the old Commons lay extended. If the enclosure were made without proper compensation to the Commoners, then assuredly nothing can be more shameful.

109. 316. *artist* = here our artisan. Contrariously *artisan* was formerly used somewhat in the sense of our *artist;* as in the *Guardian:*

> "Best and happiest *artisan*
> Best of painters, if you can,
> With your many-colour'd art
> Draw the mistress of my heart."

"What are the most judicious *artisans* but the mimicks of nature?" Wotton's *Architect*, apud Johnson's *Dict.*. See also Trench's *Sel. Gloss.*

319. *dome*. See note to *London*, 199.

336. *she left her wheel*. See Mrs Browning's *A year's Spinning*. Burns' Bessie is wiser; see his lines *Bessy and her Spinnin Wheel*.

344. *Altama* = the Altamaha or Alatamha in Georgia, U. S. Bancroft mentions a settlement made on it near Darien by certain Gaels; see *Hist. United States*, II. 1008, 12mo. ed. 1861.

to. See note to *Hymn Nat.* 132.

345. He seems to forget that there are other parts of America besides the Tropical. For a description of the New World made in a very different spirit, see Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*

346. [What part of the sentence is *terrors*?]

352. [What does he mean by *gathers death* here?]

355. "This is a poetical licence; the American tiger, or jaguar, being unknown on the banks of the Alatamha." Mitford.

110. 357. *tornado* and the Eng. *turn* are ultimately from the same root.

358. *landschape.* The oldest English form is *landscipe.* The second syllable is cognate with *shape, ship, scoop, skiff,* the Greek σκάπτω, &c.

360. *grassy vested green.* Comp. "short-grass'd green," in *Tempest,* IV. i. 83.

367. *thefts of harmless love.* So Lat. *furta,* as *Catull.* LXVIII. 140, of Juno's wrath:

"Noscens omnivoli plurima *furta* Jovis."

And *Georg.* IV. 345, of Cyrene's attendant Nymphs down in the sea-depths:

"Inter quas curam Clymene narrabat inanem
Vulcani Martisque dolos et dulcia *furta.*"

363. *gloom'd.* See l. 318.

368. *seats* = Lat. *sedes.* See l. 6.

378. Was the lover never able to go too?

386. [What does he mean by *things like these?*]

394. [Parse *sapped their strength.*]

111. 399. *anchoring* = lying at anchor, *not* in the act of anchoring.

402. He seems to distinguish between *shore* and *strand,* making *strand* mean the beach, the shore in the most limited sense of the word. *Shore* and *shores* are often used very loosely; as "He left his native shore" = he left his native land, &c. There is no etymological reason for any such distinction. *Shore* is ultimately connected with *shear, shears, shire, share. Strand* is the Oldest Eng. *strand* a margin or border.

413. Comp. Wither's fine lines to his Muse from *the Shepherd's Hunting:*

"And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too
Spite of all the world could do.
* * * *
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace," &c. &c.

418. *Torno's cliffs.* The heights around Lake Tornea in the extreme N. of Sweden?

Pambamarca. A mountain in South America, near Quito.

422. Comp. *Progress of Poesy,* 54—62.

426. *Very blest.* The common English rule is to use the adv. *very* with other advs. and with adjs., the adv. *much* with part. *Blest* here may be regarded rather as an adj. than a part.

429. [What does he mean by *self-dependent power?*]

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